

OSCEOLA

Fallguide
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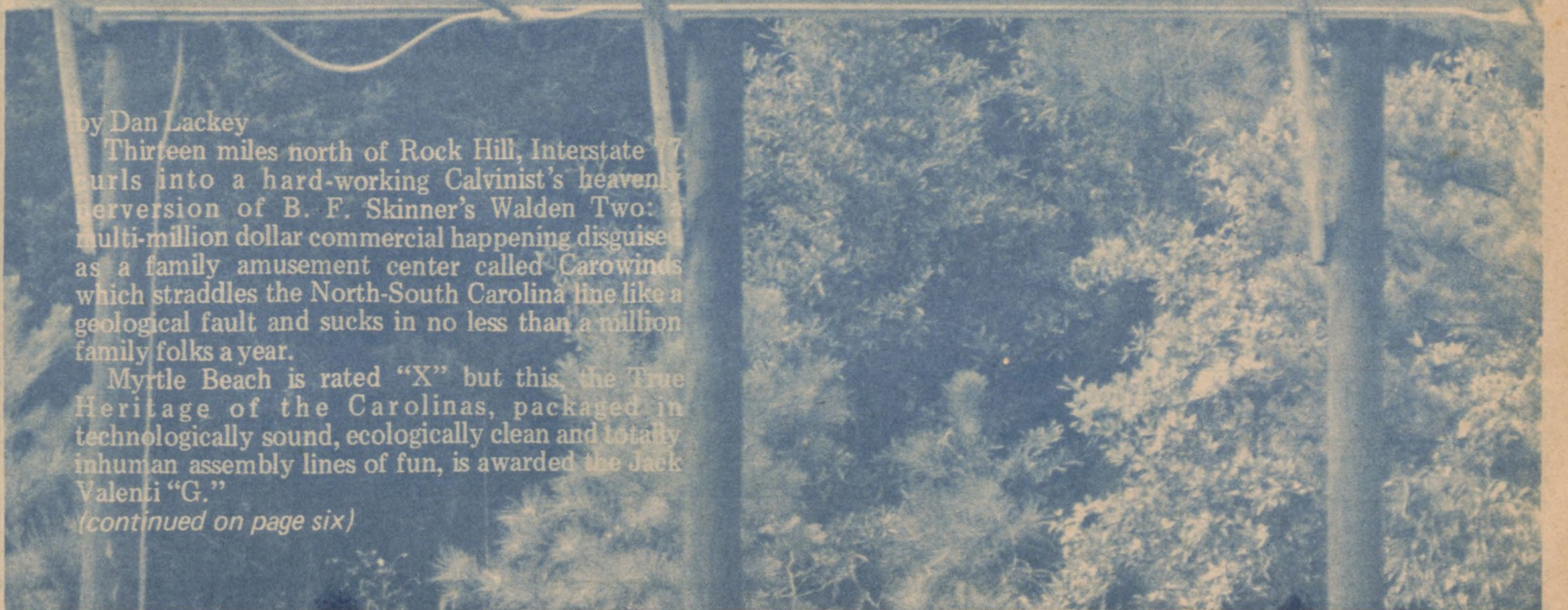


by Dan Lackey

Thirteen miles north of Rock Hill, Interstate 77 curls into a hard-working Calvinist's heavenly perversion of B. F. Skinner's Walden Two: a multi-million dollar commercial happening disguised as a family amusement center called Carowinds which straddles the North-South Carolina line like a geological fault and sucks in no less than a million family folks a year.

Myrtle Beach is rated "X" but this, the True Heritage of the Carolinas, packaged in technologically sound, ecologically clean and totally inhuman assembly lines of fun, is awarded the Jack Valenti "G."

(continued on page six)



osceola

"The mission of a modern newspaper is to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable."

from a column by Peter Finley Dunn

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Bob Thompson
John Norton
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from Washington

Loose ends

Congress has done the easy part of Watergate, driven the self-convicted president from office and turned over the continuing criminal suits to the courts. It has washed its hands of the harder part of Watergate: what to do about the Imperial President. By doing nothing on the second it has left the situation worse than before for it has set a precedent that future generations will look to to determine what a representative cross-section of Congress will consider grounds for impeachment.

The Rodino committee justly decided (27-11) that a president shouldn't cover up a crime like Watergate; that he shouldn't subvert the rights of citizens by misuse of the FBI, IRS and CIA (28-10), and that he shouldn't reject committee subpoenas in an impeachment inquiry (21-17). These are impeachable offenses. But it couldn't decide that, under the circumstances, the president should be impeached for carrying on a secret four year presidential war in a neutral country (Cambodia) and lie about it to Congress and the public. It rejected this article (IV) 12 to 26.

You and I will talk about Watergate for our lifetimes and whether Bebe Rebozo used Howard Hughes' \$100,000 to help buy Mrs. Nixon's diamond earrings, but our children and grandchildren may talk about whether a president may carry on imperial foreign adventures without their knowledge under the cloak of national security and patriotism.

The loose legal ends of Watergate and the disposition of the miserable accomplices of the ousted president may go on for years. Teapot Dome, 50 years ago, hints at precedents. Harding conveniently died and the rejoicing Republicans suddenly found themselves led by Mister Clean (Coolidge) who gave them an election landslide and a below-average administration. He won even while Sinclair and Doheny and Fall were being tried. Fall, the former Interior secretary and bribe-taker, stayed out of jail until 1931 when he served a year, and thereafter lived in obscurity in a shabby house in El Paso where his wife supported the former flamboyant rancher by running a

lunchroom. End Teapot Dome.

Watergate may be around for a while, too. Judge Sirica has postponed the coverup trial of Ehrlichman-Haldeman-Mitchell to September 30. The cases being investigated by special prosecutor Leon

Jaworski may have even longer legal longevity. These involve Mr. Nixon himself and his man-of affairs, Bebe Rebozo, the Florida banker, and could give us a new sidelight on the tawdry presidency. According to depositions taken by the Senate Ervin committee either Kalmbach, the president's former personal secretary, or Rebozo, is lying.

Circumstantial evidence indicates that Rebozo passed unspent campaign contributions through three bank accounts on the president's behalf. The Ervin committee found that "Rebozo ordered and paid for expenses totaling over \$50,000 for President Nixon during the periods following both the 1968 and 1972 presidential elections." Some money may have come from two contributions of \$50,000 each, make in \$100 bills, from reclusive Howard Hughes, the billionaire. It should be repeated that these charges are not proved. But committee investigators fine-toothed Rebozo's bank accounts and concluded, "Rebozo had some previously undisclosed source of currency from which he drew funds on the President's behalf." The money went into improvements on Nixon real estate. When Rebozo was subpoenaed to answer Kalmbach he left the country till the committee's life expired. Sen. Ervin turned a 31-page enumeration of conflicts in sworn evidence over to Jaworski. A local judge ordered Rebozo's lawyers to surrender their records. We had better wait awhile before urging amnesty for the ex-president.

These matters will be settled one way or another by the courts and they are the easy part of Watergate. We know what to do when a president doesn't pay income taxes but we don't know what to do when he bombs Cambodia. Two months after Nixon took office, in March 1969, he started the bombing of the neutral country. He didn't tell Congress or the public. He kept it up four years. The alleged justification of protecting Prince Sihanouk from embarrassment clearly ceased when Sihanouk was overthrown in March, 1970. Nixon kept up the bombing as commander-in-chief, orchestrating the conspiracy of silence to keep the lid on the

anti-war movement. The Penagon knew it, the Cambodians knew it, the enemy knew it, the Americans didn't know it. In a TV address to the nation April 30, 1970 announcing the "incursion" into Cambodia, he said "American policy... has been to scrupulously respect the neutrality of the Cambodian people." This was a lie. He said "For five years neither the U. S. nor South Vietnam has moved against these enemy sanctuaries because we did not wish to violate the territory of a neutral nation." This was a lie. Actually 3695 B-52 sorties were flown, dropping tons of bombs. Secretary of the Army Resor went before Congress, General Earle Wheeler, Secretary of the Air Force Seamans, reporting that no bombing strikes had occurred in Cambodia. These were lies. Pentagon spokesman Jerry Friedman distributed falsehoods to the press knowing they were falsehoods. When confronted later he said, "I knew at the time that it was wrong and I am sorry." The air force invented an elaborate system of double-booking to conceal the falsification. Former JCS chairman General Wheeler later expressed horror at the falsification but stated that if the President had ordered him to falsify them, "I would have done it." The president said certain congressmen knew the secret but Sen. Stennis, chairman of the Armed Service Committee, said he was given "no indication of the massiveness of the bombing."

With Cambodia we must remember the still- unexplained world-wide military alert instituted by the White House after the firing of Archibald Cox, and the confession by Defense Secretary Schlesinger that he instituted a special watch on U. S. military during the president's ouster. Nightmare? Yes, but it has happened once.

James Iredell, one of the first Supreme Court justices said, "The President must certainly be punishable for giving false information to the Senate." But the Rodino committee voted, 12 to 26, against impeachment on this account. It set a precedent. Who will be the next Imperial President?

Discovery of the bombing came from a foreign correspondent in a small airplane crossing Cambodia and seeing the huge B-52 craters. "If it had not been for that," Armed Services committee acting chairman Symington said in 1973 hearings "there would have been no knowledge of the subject on the part of the American people."



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Bringing home the ballots

Ever since the enactment of the federal Voting Rights Act of 1965, South Carolina politicians have regularly carped about it and argued that the state should be allowed exemption from its provisions. The act specifically was designed to counteract racial discrimination in the administration of the election process, and as any good Palmetto state moderate will tell you, every last vestige of racial discrimination has long since been eliminated. In other words, they say, we've proved ourselves, so let us alone.

The effect of the Voting Rights Act was to put virtually every official action or change of the law pertaining to the exercise of suffrage under the direct scrutiny of the U.S. Justice Department. The biggest single result has been legislative reapportionment, and the resulting introduction of single-member district representation to the S.C. General Assembly. In addition, there has been a significant general impact on the entire election machinery, which is now somewhat more modern and equitable than at the time of the initial implementation of the Voting Rights Act. And more black people are registered than ever before.

However much our overall implementation of the democratic process has improved, the fact remains that in the crucial department of voter registration, South Carolina continues to lag behind the rest of the nation and even the South. Despite the Voting Rights Act, and despite efforts to utilize its provisions to register larger numbers of black voters by such private organizations as the S.C. Voter Education Project and the NAACP black voter registration in the state compares unfavorably with other Southern states.

But so does white registration. According

to a U.S. House Judiciary Committee report, in August of 1972, 45.8 percent of eligible blacks were registered to vote and 49.7 percent of eligible whites. That can be compared, for example, to the situation in Mississippi, where 59.3 percent of blacks and 69.3 percent of whites are registered. South Carolina was the only state in the nation with less than 50 percent of eligible whites registered.

In its conclusion, the Judiciary Committee report noted that the South had the lowest percentage of overall registration, and that South Carolina occupied last place in the rating of Southern states. Not a very pridesworthy distinction, to say the least. And the picture has not changed much since then, unfortunately.

So while our defenders before the spectre of federal interference may claim our system is free of racial discrimination, they cannot show its effectiveness in doing what it is supposed to do, under the spirit of the Constitution, at least -- make the ballot accessible to the people.

Critics of the voter registration system in the state claim it is, in effect, designed and operated to keep the number of registered voters low. Tending to support this theory is the fact that the use of "deputy registrars" is non-existent or is discouraged in most South Carolina counties. Each county has a board of registration, with full-time registrars. But the number of potential voters the full-time board members can reach is limited. By "deputizing" civic-minded volunteers who agree to do the job on specific occasions without pay, the opportunity to register can be extended to more people, at more times, in more locations. In other states, and in some South Carolina counties, the use of deputy registrars has proven effective in increasing registration.

At the time of a June, 1974, study conducted by Frontlash, a voter registration project funded by the S.C. Labor Council, only 14 of 46 counties in the state were

using deputy registrars. Of the 14, seven had shown an increase in registration since 1972, whereas only six of the 32 counties without deputy registrars had shown an increase.

The situation in Richland County presents an interesting case study.

The Richland County Board of Registration has been headed for some years by Johnston F. Peeples, an archetype of the old-school Southern courthouse bureaucrat. Peeples is chairman of the registration board, conducts the business of the board in the way he sees fit, and deeply resents any encroachment into his territory.

Lately, there has been more and more encroachment on Peeples' domain, as pressure has increased for more "outreach" from the registration office as well as for other steps to generally make the registration process more accessible. Though personally averse to the use of deputy registrars, Peeples has agreed to use them recently for specific periods of time at the urging of local politicians.

Peeples is officially appointed by the governor, with the advice and consent of the state Senate. In fact, the decision as to who shall be the chairman of the local board of voter registration is left up to the Richland County delegation in the Senate; hence Peeples' only real accountability is to the Senate delegation.

In 1972, all the Senate seats were up for grabs. Three of the five Democratic incumbents were offering for re-election, and most were fearful of what the impending Nixon landslide might do to their candidacies. As a result, Peeples agreed to fairly extensive use of deputy registrars.

This year, with senators not up for re-election for two more years, Peeples made it known early that he would not agree to any deputy registrars. This was especially distressing to a number of House candidates (running from single-member districts for the first time) and to Congressional candidate Matthew Perry, who were all most

anxious to extend voter registration. Despite a number of personal entreatments, however, Peeples has remained firm.

The logjam was finally broken at a recent meeting of all Richland County Democratic candidates, amid growing threats from more dissident House candidates to "go public" with the issue. A delegation from the group was appointed to meet with Peeples, and at that confab, the agreement was reached both for deputy registrars and expanded outreach efforts by the full-time registrars.

There remain a number of problems, however. For example, deputy registrars will only be permitted for a period of three weeks, and presumably not again until just before the next election.

Perhaps the most serious unresolved conflict concerns registration of students at the University of South Carolina and other local institutions of higher learning. South Carolina law on the question, consisting of an opinion from state Attorney General Dan McLeod, requires a judgment of the "intent" of a student that Columbia shall be his or her "permanent" residence as opposed to an intent to remain here only for academic training. Despite the fact that normal residence under the latter circumstance -- four years -- is a longer period than the average tenure of many non-student types -- businessmen, clergy, etc. -- who are not required to pass any such special scrutiny of their intent, the discriminatory condition continues for students.

The Attorney General's opinion leaves the matter of judgment of a student's intent to the local registrar; in the case of Richland County, that's Johnston Peeples. The opinion enumerates certain evidence a student may present to substantiate his or her intent -- driver's license with a local address, a local job, local bank accounts, credit cards, etc. -- but the judgment is still reserved to the local board.

(continued on page nine)

Jack Anderson

High-priced partition

WASHINGTON - The smoke is clearing on embattled Cyprus. The Turks are sure to get what they want. This will be permanent partition of the Mediterranean island. Already, the Greeks are being pushed out and the Turks are moving into the Turkish sector.

Secretary of State Henry Kissinger has supported this all along. He has argued in private that the Greeks and the Turks don't get along together in the same villages. It is better, he has contended, for them to be separated. The Turkish presence will also keep the strategic island free of Soviet influence.

But the price that will be paid for partition is high. There is strong emotional opposition in Greece to dividing Cyprus. The new democratic government in Greece, therefore, must take a strong stand against partition in order to survive. It has saved itself so far only by withdrawing from NATO and denouncing the United States.

American officials believe that the Greeks will cool down and retain their ties with NATO. But we have seen top secret documents which reveal the Greeks are making positive plans to close down its NATO bases. Millions of dollars in U.S. facilities will be lost. And strategically, it will be an irreparable blow to the NATO alliance.

There has been some talk that NATO might establish facilities on the Turkish part of Cyprus. But most diplomats familiar with the island laugh at the suggestion. Greek guerrillas would turn any

NATO installation into a junkyard, said one diplomat, 15 minutes after the last nail is driven.

Meanwhile, anti-Americanism has reached such a pitch in Greece that it isn't safe for an American to walk the streets of Athens.

Project Independence

Former President Nixon responded to the Arab oil embargo last year by establishing "Project Independence." This was supposed to make the United States self-sufficient in energy by 1985. But so far "Project Independence" has amounted to no more than an empty slogan.

Nixon himself made a deal with Saudi Arabia, which would leave the United States more dependent than ever upon Middle East oil. Already, it is costing the United States a staggering \$28 billion a year for foreign oil. This tremendous outlay could build the new nuclear plants, coal gasification facilities, shale experimental plants and oil refineries that are needed to make this country self-sufficient.

Under "Project Independence," the government had done absolutely nothing, meanwhile, to alleviate the natural gas shortage. As a result, a critical shortage of natural gas could shut down factories across the country this winter, particularly in the Southeast, Great Lakes region and Appalachia. First priority will go to private residences for home heating. This won't leave enough to operate factories.

Despite "Project Independence," many utilities have also canceled expansion plans. This could leave the nation short of electricity this winter. The shortage could develop into a major crisis during the winters to come.

Clearly, the nation needs more than a slogan to combat the energy crisis. It needs

an active, aggressive program to make the United States self-sufficient in energy. The nation that put men on the moon certainly can extract energy from coal and shale or the sun and sea -- if the government will face up to it. will face up to it.

Ford on Inflation

President Ford has warned his economic advisers that, in his search for remedies for the nation's economic ills, he won't be bound by their conservative ideas.

He called for government spending cuts and a balanced budget, as they have advised. He agrees with them that fiscal responsibility is necessary to put the country on a sound economic base.

But sources close to the President say he is looking for new solutions that will lift the economy out of its slump. He wants something more imaginative than his economic advisers have offered.

Just as conservative generals base their planning on past wars, Ford fears his conservative economists also are offering solutions for past inflation.

Yet today's inflation is different. It has been caused largely by fuel and food shortages. It has also been accompanied by an unprecedented recession.

The old method of fighting inflation is to cool off the economy by cutting back production. But this will increase unemployment and steepen the recessionary slide.

The President, in his private talks, has also stresses the human element. He has insisted that the poor shouldn't bear the burden of our economic cures.

Therefore, the President is tentatively planning to call upon more affluent Americans to give up their luxuries. This will provide more money, which can be used to employ the poor who are thrown out of work.

They might be employed, for example, in developing new sources of fuel and food. This would reduce the shortages, which are causing inflation.

Ford to Share Reins

President Ford has offered privately to share his leadership with Nelson Rockefeller after Rockefeller is confirmed as vice president.

Rockefeller's first assignment will be to give the political speeches that Ford had to disrupt after his sudden ascendancy to the presidency. Ford will be too busy to campaign for Republican candidates this fall. He also doesn't want to alienate Democratic congressional leaders whose cooperation he needs.

The President has also asked Rockefeller to help find solutions for the economic problems which plague the nation. Ford has emphasized he wants dramatic solutions that will shake the nation out of its economic lethargy. The President has told Rockefeller that he would also like to use him as a diplomatic negotiator. Ford's idea is to double the impact of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger by sending both to different world trouble spots.

Ford will seek Rockefeller's advice on how the federal government can best help states and cities cope with poverty, crime, drugs, busing and other local problems.

The President also wants to use Rockefeller's excellent contacts to recruit the best qualified people into the federal service.

Of course, past presidents have also talked about utilizing their vice presidents who, invariably, have been left with little to do except make speeches.

But President Ford had insisted to aides that he really meant it when he spoke of Rockefeller as his "partner."

Land-grabbing, Sea Island style

by Scott Graber

Frogmore

Below Charleston, the South Carolina landscape takes on a lush but rather empty character. Although the Miami - or the Disneyworld-bound motorist is momentarily reassured by the "golden arches" and the plastic doughnuts of Charleston's southern exposure, there seems to be an emptiness along U.S. 17 between Charleston and Savannah, Georgia.

This area is not deserted, but is peopled with small farmers, small merchants, and more significantly, the United States Marine Corps. Lately, the area has attracted wealthy refugees from northern communities such as Greenwich, Rye, and Newton who can no longer cope with the February bitterness of New England.

Despite the presence of the Marine Corps in Beaufort County, and several small knitting and furniture concerns in Jasper and Colleton Counties, the land itself is a fundamental source of income. Those who actually work the land appear to have that

touted "bond" or respect for the soil. This is not difficult to understand if you have ever spread several tons of Nitrogena into this gritty loam.

To properly understand the lower coast of South Carolina one must look back to those regrettable days in 1861 when Beaufort County was successfully invaded and occupied by Commodore S. F. Dupont and his sea-borne army. Dupont's invasion in 1861 was a well documented and illustrated high note in what was otherwise a very difficult year for the Union.

The planters in this area grew a strain of cotton called "long staple" that had unusually long fibers and brought very good prices on the Liverpool exchange. Although the crop was temperamental, fortunes were made and enlarged upon this elongated fiber.

Just before Dupont's army arrived, these gentlemen and their large families left and settled in Charleston, Aiken and other places that seemed more secure. However, their most precious

asset -- their slaves -- remained on those deserted baronies.

General David Hunter issued his personal emancipation proclamation freeing the Sea Island slaves in April of 1862, but Lincoln stated that the general's action was "unauthorized" and rescinded Hunter's order. However, in 1865 the Freedman's Bureau was created, and this short-lived agency provided each "loyal refugee and freedman" not more than forty acres of land the former owners had abandoned or the Union army had confiscated.

Thus a substantial number of former slaves became land owners. Descendants of these "loyal freedmen" still live in the Sea Islands and in some cases still work the original forty acre tracts.

Sea Island cotton never returned to Beaufort County, and the large landholdings that were broken apart by the Civil War and the Freedman's Act were never reassembled.

Fifteen years ago the land was almost taken for granted -- ownership was casual and disputes concerning boundaries or acreage

were rare. Deeds made reference to approximate size -- "fifteen acres more or less" was the way many deeds read -- and only in rare instances was a map or a "plat" prepared by the owner.

But the coming of Charles Fraser and his Sea Pines Plantation created a new awareness of the land -- an apprehension of sorts. Fraser's beach and marsh kingdom on the Southern end of Hilton Head Island demonstrated that the affluent East would be willing to resettle in South Carolina if the incredibly lush, often hostile, environment was kept at a comfortable distance.

Fraser's success at Sea Pines resulted in three other "communities" on Hilton Head Island and prompted similar efforts by like-minded developers on Fripp, St. Helena and Seabrook islands. Most recently, St. Phillips Island in Beaufort County and Kiawah Island in Charleston County have been purchased and plans for their "development" have been announced.

The impact of these resorts on land values in Beaufort County has been remarkable. Raw farm land on St. Helena Island, valued at \$60 per acre in 1960, is now selling at \$600 to \$1,000 per acre today. Lots on the ocean -- or near a marsh -- have sold for as much as \$50,000 an acre.

The impact upon the black community in the Sea Islands has been uneven. On the positive side, the success of Sea Pines Plantation and the Hilton Head Company meant jobs for many blacks. To be sure, these were basically service jobs (cooks, greenskeepers, maids) but it was employment in an area of chronic unemployment. It was an alternative to crabbing or shrimping or working in the laundry at the Recruit Depot on Parris Island.

According to a report published by Clemson University in 1972, each 100 residents living in a resort or retirement community generate 15 service jobs of some description. Using this equation, hundreds of "service" jobs have been created, and these jobs have been largely taken by blacks.

The effect on black landowners has been largely adverse. Thanks to the Act of 1865, black landholdings are uniformly scattered throughout Beaufort County and the grandchildren of former slaves still hold substantial tracts on the islands.

Generally speaking, the land held by blacks in this coastal area is held collectively. This collective ownership is called "heirs property" and has been both a blessing and a curse. To understand "heirs property" one must understand a little of the black culture in the lower part of South Carolina. For generations many blacks have believed that the making or the preparation of a will actually hastened death. Consequently, a large part of the land passed from father to children to grandchildren to great-grandchildren without benefit of a will, a process that geometrically expanded the ownership in the original forty acres.

Obviously, "heirs property" cannot be sold by any single descendant or single heirs. An heir may sell his or her interest, but this will only give the surrogate-developer an undivided interest -- not a definable or a separate section of the land. The concept of heir property would seem to discourage most people bent on land acquisition. This would be the case if it were not for Title 10, Chapter 28 of the South Carolina law provides for partition -- legal subdivision of the land.

Typically a developer or an individual looking to buy a particular tract will locate a single heir and will purchase his interest. This "heir" may be removed from the land -- living perhaps in Philadelphia -- and perhaps removed from the idea or the concept of land ownership. This heir is usually delighted to discover that he owns anything in South Carolina, and equally delighted to part with his "interest" for several hundred or several thousand dollars.

Once an interest has been acquired, the surrogate-developer will petition the court for a partition -- a severing of his interest. If the court is unable to fairly subdivide the land (as is usually the case) it will order the

(continued on page five)

Why Bill Campbell?

For the new South Carolina House of Representatives, Bill Campbell offers new leadership to carry the fight for reform of unresponsive institutions and outmoded policies. That means tough new ethics laws, legislative reform, tax reform, new budget priorities.

For the communities that make up House District 72, Bill Campbell offers a new commitment to make the office of Representative relevant to community problems. Problems of blacks, whites, students--problems of people living in Wales Gardens, Eau Claire, Wheeler Hill, Arsenal Hill, Riverview Terrace, on Green Street, in the USC dorms.

In the Democratic Primary this summer, Bill Campbell campaigned vigorously and won with a substantial majority against three opponents--including an incumbent. This fall, he faces another incumbent. He needs your help to keep going.

**Bill Campbell.
We need him in
the legislature.**



**Bill Campbell.
House District 72.**



(continued from page four)

property publicly sold and the money divided among the legal heirs. In this manner, the really valuable land is forced upon the market and is acquired by those with substantial finances or financial backing.

This is not to say that all black land is gone or is presently threatened. However, there are reliable statistics which indicate that blacks held approximately 15 million acres of land in 1910 -- primarily in the South -- and that blacks hold a little over 5 million acres today.

A year after Commodore Dupont established his military toe-hold in Beaufort County, a group of Gideonites from Boston and New York established a boarding school on St. Helena Island and named it for William Penn.

Penn School educated blacks throughout the Sea Islands until the Supreme Court handed down its landmark decision in Brown vs. Board of Education of Topeka. Believing that the county system would immediately integrate its schools, Penn shifted its emphasis from education to leadership training. For about fifteen years the oak-shaded campus in Frogmore was a meeting place for black and white people who would eventually lead or be a significant part of the civil rights movement of the 1960's. To some extent, Penn still functions in this capacity.

In 1968, Charles Washington, the only black attorney then living in Beaufort County, tried to create a program at Penn School that would stop or at least slow down the loss of black-owned land in the Sea Islands area. Washington's first eyeball-to-

eyeball confrontation involved a fifty-acre tract located on Hilton Head Island.

In 1968 the fifty acres was collectively held by the heirs of Chance Washington (no relation to the attorney). This land did not front the beach, but it was bordered by U.S. 21 (the primary access highway on the island) and a "deep water" inlet.

In those halcyon days when interest rates hovered at seven percent, the sale of land, lots and condominiums on Hilton Head was feverish. During this period a developer found and approached the heirs of Chance Washington and offered to buy each of their individual interests at the rate of \$1500 an acre. The developer had acquired about a one-third interest in the fifty acres when a skeptical heir went to attorney Charles Washington, who had started Black Land Services Inc., to combat the land-grabbing.

Black Land brought in a real estate consultant who concluded that \$30,000 per acre was not even the "best" price and that "the Washington family could ask for anything between \$50,000 and \$80,000 per acre." Naturally, this information made the remaining heirs less enthusiastic about immediate sale to the developer.

Attorney Washington died before this matter was resolved and before the program was really underway. However, he did interest several small foundations in this program.

Black Land Services, Inc., still survives and still functions on a small scale in Beaufort, Jasper,

Colleton and Dorchester Counties. A staff of six operates out of an aging dormitory located on the Penn campus, and tries to cope with any "land related problem" that "walks in the door."

Joe McDomick -- a tall, affable black man -- has directed Black Land for the past three years. McDomick usually spends three days out of each working week on the road. He concedes that his biggest problem is "going out and finding the people....finding the problems."

According to McDomick, there is a genuine reluctance on the part of black people to talk or converse about their land problems. He says, "Black folks won't talk about land....They're not going to say anything until the last minute." He continued, "Last month a shrimper came in here after the Farmers Home had foreclosed and sold his house. We just can't do much with that kind of thing."

The real problem seems to be legitimacy -- convincing the black community in these counties that Black Land Services will be here tomorrow, and that the program can actually draw a will or prepare a deed.

In addition to McDomick, Black Land employs an attorney, a land planner and three people who are called "para-professionals." The land planner and the "para-professionals" share a large, badly lit room that reminds one of Robert Stroud's workshop in the "Birdman of Alcatraz."

The attorney is the only white man on the staff, but doesn't

believe that his color is any real handicap. "Every now and then, Joe and I will roll into someone's yard and you can tell the folks are just a little surprised to see a white man from Black Land."

The lawyer said, "The most frustrating part of this business is heirs property...and there is a hell of a lot of heirs property in this county." After World War I blacks began leaving the Sea Islands in large numbers, perhaps moving from subsistence farming on Daufuskie Island to an assembly line in Detroit. This migration, which continues, has made it difficult -- often impossible to locate all the individuals who share ownership in any particular parcel. And in order to sell or mortgage property, all the owners must be found.

The lawyer went on, "We have one case that involves thirty-seven heirs in three states. I spent two days in Harlem trying to find and them persuade one of these heirs that she should convey her interest -- her part -- to a relative she didn't even remember."

Despite this frustration and the rather gloomy quarters, the program seems to be making some impact.

John Boles, a native of St. Helena Island, has been trying to reclaim six acres of land that Beaufort County mistakenly sold for delinquent taxes in 1957. William Boles, a former slave, bought the six-acre parcel in 1870 and raised vegetables on it for thirty years. William "passed" it to his son, John Boles, who worked the land until his death in

(continued on page eight)

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Tuesday, October 1

Exploring Big Bend
Charles Hotchkiss

Friday, December 6

Westside Story
Walter Bertlett

Monday, January 27

Mule Deer Country
Lyle K. Moss

Tuesday, February 25

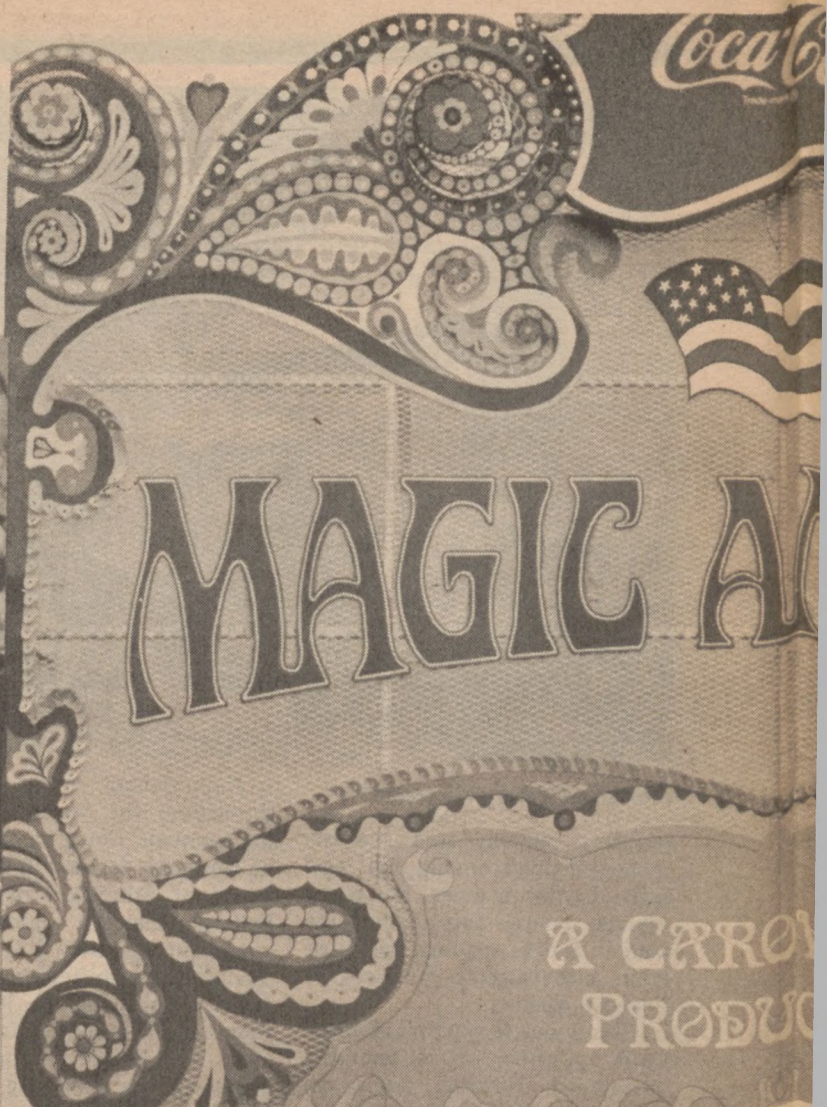
The Living Jungle
Greg McMillan

Tuesday, March 11

Congaree Swamp
Jim Elder

Friday, April 4

Migration Mysteries
Walter J. Breckenridge



(continued from page one)

These one million or more victims per year will drive 80 to 100 miles to stay for seven to eight hours to wait 20 to 30 minutes in each line of 15 to 20 rides which run on the average of one to three minutes. On their way, as they drive all morning to ride all day, a Nuclear Family may pass a billboard depicting another Nuclear Family -- the complete package: Mother, Daddy, Johnny, Annie -- all in the throes of an amusement ride called "The Powder Keg Flume," a huge simulation of gunpowder-barrel boats in cascading blue-chlorine rapids. As they wisk by, the nuclear occupants of the family car are invited to shout "Whoopie" when they see their smiling faces plastered on the billboard, Daddy pressing a little harder on the accelerator and Annie, in perfect cadence with another half-mile, whining again, "How many more miles, Mommy?"



But once at the park on a normal summer Saturday they'll wait one or two hours in an endless line to ride this most popular of Natural Thrills (everyone gets a little wet!). And as little Johnny waits scowling in the boiling sun he may notice, as he stoops to tie his shoe, an unscored piece of forgotten graffiti inscribed on the walkway in tribute to them all:

*Never Have So Many Paid So Much
To Wait So Long
And Gotten So Little In Return*

Yet do Mother and Daddy and Johnny and Annie and ten million others need more of a tribute than this snide remark? The crowds in lines are too easily dismissed as mindless mobs in search of an easy treat. Even the Sober Cynic must wonder if this people-bunching isn't the result of an instinct for human contact that runs counter to the rhythm of a massive machine. Nice thought. Though the picture that inspires it is a bit pathetic.

One little boy somehow knew that all the Attractions like "The Powder Keg Flume" were really Distractions from human interaction, and imbued, apparently, with the spirit of animism, he greeted Distractions as if they were possessed of personality. "Hi, Rolly Coaster," he said. "Hi, Paddle Boat!" he shouted.

Could simple friendliness sabotage this park?

So wonders the Sober Cynic to whose jaded eye even the costumed-animal characters seem sinister.

Family fun?

Clans and groups tend to move in insular clusters like street gangs with amnesia, as if still enshelled within the separate autos in which they all arrived.

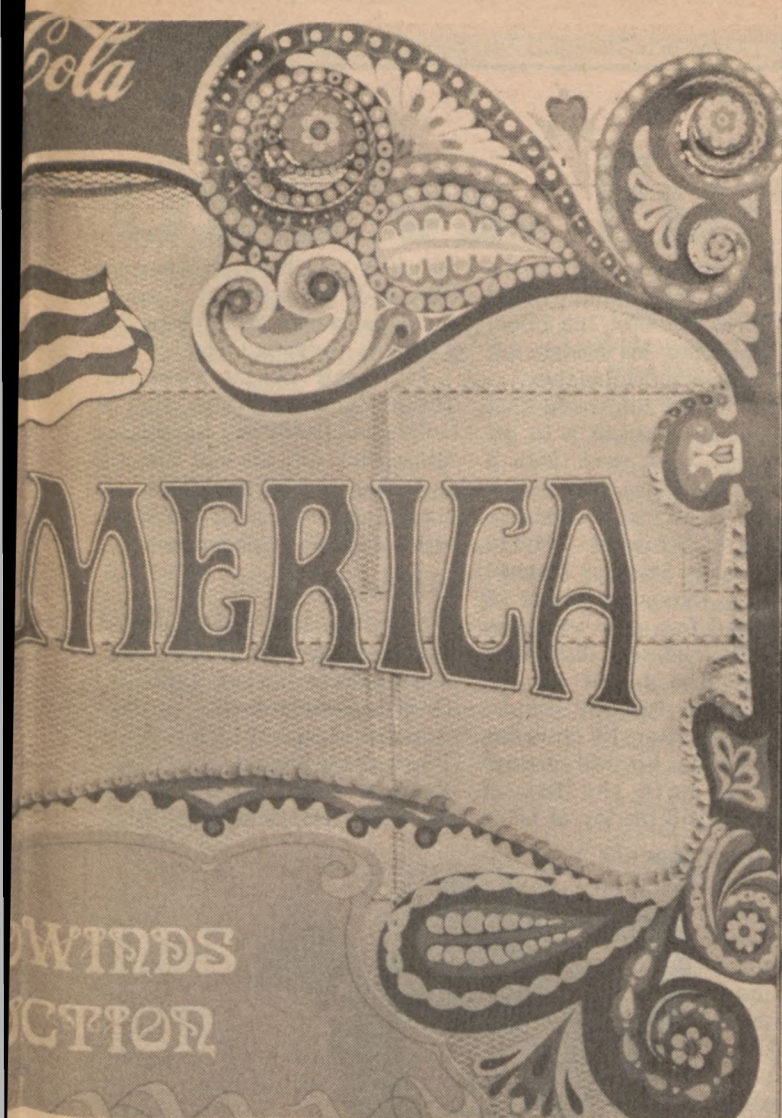
Sentimental pictures of grimy children, faces full of ice cream, clash with the Sober Cynic's somber questions about the frenzied, sterile nature of this "fun" in America.

"The Carowinds Park includes seventy three acres of actual entertainment area," boasts the Carowinds news release, "Making it larger than Disneyland in California, Astroworld in Houston, Texas, and --" (this last no doubt intended to seduce wayward expatriates considering a defection South) "-- And Twice as large as Six Flags Over Georgia." And these dazzling seventy-three acres are only the first block of a projected monopoly board of one-thousand acres "providing space for roads, motels, and an office park complex..." One has sci-fi horror visions of this One Thousand spreading yet further like the Mad Amoeba to swallow up Rock Hill, including Winthrop College and Sister Armstrong's Fortune Telling Shop on Highway 21. Yet, though the Mad Amoeba could prove a reality, the seventy-three acres of "actual entertainment area," flowered with fifty gorgeous expansive acres of no-sweat-in-the-world parking space, works well enough, within its own bounds, as a Venus Fly Trap.

A 95-lane thoroughfare directs and strains one and all -- Eager Guests, Sober Cynics, Intelligent Tourists, and Nuclear Families - through half a dozen ticket windows about a hundred yards downhill from the grand entrance proper. It's here that Eager Guests first gawk out their windows to greet the CaroKids, "seasonal employees of high school and college age" who "are selected for their friendliness and personality." These are attributes of eminent market value anywhere and, by and large, the CaroKids are a friendly and personable lot, though mostly among themselves. They give the hectic grounds the air of romance -- summer romance. "Teen-age love," crooned a now-forgotten disc jockey, "Teen-age love is the greatest thing in the world."

After a friendly and personable welcome by one of the CaroKids, The Eager Guest pays for his parking space, receives his treasured bumper sticker, and hears the first of the day's two-thousand exhortations to "Have a nice day at Carowinds!" It is the last time Eager Guest or anyone else at the gate will hear the phrase live and unamplified by speakers. The Sober Cynic should savor the greeting since it is the last time it will ring -- at least to his ears -- like a pleasant suggestion and not like an order. Even Eager Guests will have a little trouble quelling the eerie sense that they are entering an about-totalitarian village (like Patrick McGooohan in the TV series *The Prisoner*) in which happiness is a maintained virtue and not the spontaneous by-product of self-fulfilling work or play. But *The Prisoner* and certain aspects of Orwell's 1984 are not the only futuristic fictions upstaged by the reality in which the Sober Cynic is about to immerse himself. Carowinds is easily more fantastic and creepingly frightful than Michael Crichton's movie *Westworld*, which is set in a "futuristic" amusement park and utilizes Voices Through Speakers everywhere possible to show how distant and impersonal and droningly melodic simple human directives are doomed to become...someday.

After being ushered to their parking slots by a line of female CaroKids in spiffy orange and yellow panty suits, Eager Guests wait for a tram car to haul them all to the colonial mansion facade. While they wait they may glare at the "world famous" monorail train that passes overhead and hear a recorded voice advise its passengers to "See if you can spot your car!" though none of the occupants can be seen bothering to do so. The sight of the passengers in the monorail and his own fellow travelers on the tram car will give Sober Cynic the queer feeling that technocratic English is one word short; no noun has yet been invented to refer to those humans who seem like inanimate objects by virtue of their total immobility of body and expression while being transported in a vehicle. *Baggage* will suffice for the plural but there is no suitable form in the singular.



Once the Baggage has loaded itself on the tram, all are greeted on behalf of National Car Rental, usually by a female CaroKid who takes the quick opportunity to drop the diplomatic reminder that "NO PICNIC LUNCHES ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES MEN WITHOUT SHIRTS ALLOWED IN THE PARK." Bare feet are a relative no-no, but not an absolute one. Then, before Jack can say "Splat," the tram trip is over and the "Have a nice day..." is used this time as a verbal prod to cue the Baggage from their seats.

Intelligent Tourists grope for their wallets as they approach the beautiful colonial mansion facade, a stunning architectural euphemism for ticket window.



Everyone shells out six bucks a head and click-click-click they pop through the turnstiles into the "Court of the Carolinas," Norman Rockwell's notion of the Twilight Zone, enchantingly decorated with Easter-brilliant dogwood trees and featuring a golden strip of concrete marking a hundred foot segment of the North-South Carolina borderline. The golden strip of concrete culminates in the middle of a "unique bi-state pool" -- a wishing well for Charity. It's here that the Eager Guest may swagger forward, straddling the golden strip, a size ten in each Carolina, and with the flip of a single quarter become a Gullivanic philanthropist to the crippled children in Greenville's Shriner's Hospital.

At this juncture Eager Guests and Nuclear Families should prepare -- as the saying goes -- to be taken for a ride. The Intelligent Tourist and Sober Cynic may, however, somewhat transcend the role of Baggage with a little observation and a helpful initial exercise.

Now the rides are not everything at Carowinds -- there is, or seems to be, much, much, more -- but they are the skeleton of the place and their description provides a perfect *synecdoche* for the "assembly lines of fun." Take the idea of a commercial happening one step further and think of the park as a migraine-manufacturing FUN Factory which offers for fast, temporary relief benign tours on five major conveyor belts: the old fashioned train ride which circles the park; the sky-way which cuts across this circle; the sky-tower which offers vertical

escape; the "world famous" monorail which begins in the center and then leaves the grounds completely; and the old fashioned paddlewheel river boat which cuts a donut hole in the center of the grounds and is navigated by a rail shamelessly visible only eight inches beneath the surface of the water.

Before resigning themselves to any of the major conveyor belts the Intelligent Tourist and Sober Cynic will be advised to travel immediately, though the walk be long, to a section of the park known as "Indian Thicket." Here they may first test a ride known elsewhere as "The Octopus" but renamed here -- in, of course, the firm and undying interests of authenticity -- "The Witch Doctor." "The Witch Doctor" combines the motions of the five major conveyor belts and provides, in capsule form, a near-omniscient sense of how the mass is processed through the park: up and down and around and through and now you're cured and your time is up.

When time on "The Witch Doctor" is up, the Intelligent Tourist may rush for relief on the antique choo-choo but the Sober Cynic should pause briefly to consider the park's principle landmark: The Eastern Airlines Sky Tower which can be basically described as a huge nut traveling up and down a well-lubricated three-hundred-thirty foot bolt.

Baggage revolving on this gloomy-go-round look so much like mannequins that they provide a distillation of the theater of the absurd far beyond the wildest dreams of Ionesco.

"The people are fun to watch" is a perfunctory homily the Sober Cynic will soon forget.

Stomach turned sour with satirical contempt for humans as Baggage; heat; crowds; the fatal flaw of noise pollution. With these things the Sober Cynic is left -- on his own, well-advised to dutifully check his park picture-map, just to keep his senses. This Carowinds logo may, at first glance, be mistaken for a blown-up color photo of an infected Christmas cookie. But a closer examination reveals a nice illustration of the 73 keenly engineered acres of Disney dough cleverly sliced -- in the higher interests of lower education -- into seven sections, each representative of a "historical" theme.

Carowinds bills itself as an "educational theme park" and, appropriately, it appears to have the same negligible value as a plasticized educational toy, which is to say, it's all cut and dried, all worked out by a brilliant bunch of adult engineers -- and there's not much a child, let alone an adult, can do with it. The entire environment could have refrained from fatuous pretension and made it big as a practical joke, had founder and president E. Patterson Hall of Charlotte just called his millionaire's train board a millionaire's train board and not been so damned nostalgic about the region that made him rich and so conscientious about the need "to express his great

love for children." You can't *create* a learning situation anywhere, as Paul Goodman pointed out, even in schools, *especially* in schools, and certainly not in Fun Factory, U.S.A. But if it's not educational it can still be instructive. The Sober Cynic may note lesson one in the primer of Marshall McLuhanism aptly illustrated by the ironic spectacle of Wachovia National Bank's multi-media show called "The Carolina Heritage." Here the very technology accused of cutting us off irrevocably from the past is employed to discharge, through stereophonic music and a panoramic slide display, kitsch capsules of Carolina history -- a Southern patriot's very own *Bonanza*.

Indians and blacks are curiously absent from the Wachovia Bank account and The War Between The States is summed up in record time ("The South felt its economy was being threatened. IT WAS."), although an entertaining five minutes of the 20-minute show is devoted to a Classic Comics romance of Blackbeard's piracy. The fudging given the Indians is due, no doubt, to the fact that one of Carowinds' authentically historical sectors, the already-mentioned "Indian Thicket," features the "history" and "culture" of the Cherokee and Catawba Indians -- along with a trinket stand ingeniously labeled "Sioux-veneers." "Indian Thicket" formerly featured authentic Indian dances with authentic Indians, but though the authentic Indians were hired, they didn't show up. The Sober Cynic would wish that they had -- with picket signs.

Frustrated blacks who give a damn -- or are unwise enough not to be relieved about being left out of the Wachovia story -- will be assuaged to learn that The American Credit Corporation has a small "Meeting House," an air-conditioned pit stop just inside the gate which displays, in addition to a mini-slide show of its own on "The History of Credit" beginning with Cro-Magnon man, an ornamental shelf of old books one of which is Charles S. Johnson's pedantic *The Negro in American Civilization*, published in 1930.

(continued on page eight)



Eastern Airlines sky-tower,
1/1320th actual size

FUN FACTORY

(continued from page seven)

All of these unfortunate culture capsules are fortunately dispensed in the most sanitary setting. For Fun Factory is clean, clean to the point of obsession. Rain from the clouds above must fall as Kool Aid and snow, if it ever came, would arrive as chunks of Johnson's Baby Powder.

Graffiti on any restroom wall is surely as rare as snow on the Sahara Desert and out on the grounds the CaroKids with dust pans and brooms rotate on half-hour shifts in which they listlessly stalk gum wrappers and errant pieces of popcorn. A tiresome few actually seem to enjoy this work. In fact, one anal-retentive fellow can sometimes be observed in the Carowinds petting zoo, doggedly trailing, with broom and pan, a single goat, determined never to let the poor dumb animal's droppings see the light of day.

This cleanliness as a cleanliness truly next to godliness is best written off as a drive for status much like the infatuation of certain middle class folks with their neighborhood lawns as objects of art. The Intelligent Tourist, as well as the Sober Cynic, will take brief note of the obvious fact that Fun Factory is disguised even further as a cookie-cuttered suburbanism.

Heat in Fun Factory can become nearly unbearable on an especially bad day and the Corporation of Carowinds has mercifully provided in addition to the Wachovia multi-media barn, the First Aid Station and other pit stops, two indoor stage shows at which the Intelligent Tourist may set aside his obsession with quality performance and fervently applaud the air conditioning.

In the historical sector known as "Country Crossroads" (a tribute to the rural Carolinas) is a replica of an old-fashioned dance palace called Harmony Hall in which eight Young People sing and dance to popular songs six or eight times a day and hardly show the strain though the accompanying six-man orchestra unfortunately does. Young People -- the skilled labor, performers and musicians -- are a class apart from, and a notch above, the unskilled CaroKids and here, in "The Domino Sugar Harmony Hall Review," they seem determined each time around to pull off a performance better than a fraternity-sorority skit and they pretty well succeed, though they appear throughout to be running in desperate flight from a moribund pep rally. At the finale, the ebullient Young People bound into the audience, singing into as many noses as possible, shaking hands...towelng down the audience, so to speak, as if to say, "Come on, Tourist. Get back out there. You can take it."

At the other end of the park, in the sector known as "Contemporary Carolina," the methodic blast from a rock'n'roll enclave (appropriately labeled "Sound Circus") draws crowds for Coca Cola's "Magic America" show in the Magic Theater just across the way. The Magic Theater, says the publicity brochure, showcases "The most extravagant magic show ever held inside a family amusement park." Clean, white lies might be permissible enamel in public relations but the Grated veracity of Carowinds is severely strained by this claim unless, upon seeing the show, the Intelligent

Tourist gratuitously assumes that this is the *only* magic show ever to be held inside a family amusement center *anywhere*.

The lackluster, square-looking lad who assumes the role of Mr. Magic is missing that certain comedic something that would enable him to spoof this spoof of a magic show. The two or three tricks he walks through with sub-charisma are the grand old standbys transparently obvious to any six-year-old. The featured attraction -- the cutting-of-the-girl-in-half routine -- must be to magic what the vinegar and baking soda experiment is to chemistry. But, to repeat, the Intelligent Tourist will look past all of this and fervently applaud the air conditioning. Mercifully, there's a lot more "America" than there is "magic" in Coca Cola's show. Bad tricks (or bad jokes?) are separated in time by red, white, and blue tap-dancing Young People who click their heels and sync their lips to Yankee Doodle Dandy melodies. Carowinds CaroKids infiltrate the audience to tickle up some spontaneous applause for the Stars and Stripes and Dixie. Red, white, and blue lights ripple across the ceiling like giant goose-bumps.

"I don't know why you're bitchin'," says an Eager Guest to the Sober Cynic. "There's five million things to do."

"Not so," replies the Sober Cynic. "And if there are that many things to do, I don't have the stamina to stay and root them out of the noise pollution."

And though those five million

things may yes indeed be "in the air" like so many multi-colored helium-filled balloons, the Sober Cynic dispatches his beaten self toward the gate, reflecting thus:

"Studs Terkel illustrated that the immediate problem is to get through the work week with a minimum of violence done to the psyche. Likewise with the experience of Carowinds. How to make a leisurely Saturday is one of America's foremost centers of prefabricated fun more recreative physically and less dissipating spiritually? The answer for the Sober Cynic is basically simple: become an observer. By observing at Carowinds he will deprive himself of both the fun of participating and the joy of being

elsewhere. But between American Fun and Transcendent Nirvanic Joy lies an ample compromise Call it Vicious Aesthetic Delight."

It is this Delight which the Sober Cynic calls into play as Mother and Daddy and Johnny and Annie click out the exit turnstile and skip toward the tram car, singing, one and all, a fortissimo, with the Muzak in the bushes:

CAROWINDS!

It's the magic breeze like a breeze!

Take you where you please

Where each day's a holiday!

Everyday is Saturday!

Trip with the breeze!

Trip with the breeze!

Fun never ends!

CAROWINDS! CAROWINDS!



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Land-grabbing

(continued from page five)

1952. The present John Boles -- known as "Sonny" -- worked the same six acres until 1960. In 1957, the county auditor confused John Boles with a man named Theodore Boles (who apparently was delinquent with his taxes) and Beaufort County sold John's six acres at public auction. Boles was not even aware of the sale until several years later when the tax office refused to accept any more taxes from him.

Boles said, "I been to three lawyers in five years and they all tell me they same thing.... 'John, the land is gone.' I can't let it go, man...it's all I got."

Boles came to Black Land Services in January. At this writing the County has acknowledged its mistake -- and will return the land.

For John Boles, Black Land was the right program at the right time. However, like many such

programs the bugbear of continued funding hangs in the air. "Foundations like to think that their grant is going to immediately change the quality of life in these islands. They want something dramatic to happen with their dollars," McDormick adds with some resignation. "A lot of our work is not exciting and will not bring any overnight changes."

But change is coming to these islands. As more and more people flee the "northeastern corridor," or leave Charlotte and Atlanta, all looking for a homesite in the saw-grass, the value of land will continue to climb. And as the islands experience an economic rebirth, Black Land may enable some black people to share in this prosperity. If Black Land fails it will be a much larger failure for the black community in the South Carolina lowcountry.

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Sports

USC vs. Furman: the battle's on

by Jim Walser

The news this week that the University of South Carolina has decided to renew its basketball series with Furman for the 1975-76 season once again raises the question of why the series was ever cancelled.

USC head coach and head scheduler Frank McGuire ended the series with Furman in 1971 by issuing a statement that he intended for his teams to play a "national" schedule. The generally accepted reasoning behind that decision was that, since McGuire no longer could recruit by offering USC's intense rivalries in the Atlantic Coast Conference as a lure for the competitive youngster, then he needed to establish another plan of attack in order to continue to get "name" high school players to attend school here.

Thus the so-called national schedule was embarked upon, and USC played basketball games hither and yon, in such places as Houston, Las Vegas, Buffalo, Chicago, Indiana, Toledo, Pennsylvania, Dayton, Pittsburgh and points everywhere. On the local sports pages, "miles traveled" competed for interest in the statistics with such traditional categories as assists and rebounds.

Unfortunately, there are a lot of problems associated with playing such a

national schedule. One problem is that, while the games might be exciting, it takes a long number of years to build a rivalry with a team like, say, Creighton. USC has managed to forge exciting rivalries with such teams as

Marquette and Notre Dame out of the national schedule, but few would deny that interest in Carolina basketball, while still strong, has receded from the fever pitch of only a few years ago. And few local fans would deny that despite USC's outstanding 1973-74 season, the home games with such teams as Georgia Southern, DePauw, Canisius and Lafayette lack something in terms of suspense. No matter how avid the fan, most would rather see the Gamecocks in a fight than demolishing a team of little local interest.

Naturally, there are also financial considerations. It takes more money, and the gate receipts are often smaller, to play a game in Philadelphia or Buffalo than it does to play in Chapel Hill, Winston-Salem or Durham. Also, crowds at USC home games began tapering off in 1972-73 and the trend continued noticeably last year. Of course, home television in the Columbia area more than makes up for the empty seats, but the empty seats do provide graphic evidence in a decline of interest among students, and probably other fans as well.

Reportedly, one of the main factors

motivating McGuire and USC was the fact that, in 1976, Clyde Mayes will no longer be playing for Furman. McGuire was reported to be miffed by Furman's recruitment of Mayes a few year back, and supposedly that anger was a factor in his decision to cancel the Furman-USC series.

Mayes was recruited to Furman in a set of unusual circumstances, including after being heavily recruited by McGuire and USC. He was the most sought high school prospect to ever play in South Carolina, and Furman's Joe Williams convinced him to come to Furman despite academic requirements that made it impossible for Mayes to receive an athletic grant during his first year. He paid his own way to school and did not play freshman basketball at Furman -- unusual for an athlete of his ability and the fact that Furman is not one of the cheaper state-supported institutions.

Anyway, McGuire ended the series with Furman the following summer, and USC and Furman, historical basketball rivals, didn't meet again until March '74 when Furman won in an NCAA playoff game played in Philadelphia. Interest in the USC-Furman game was intense within the state was intense, with state sports writers billing it as the biggest game ever between South Carolina schools. The game was televised to

South Carolina from Philadelphia, no doubt to enormous audiences. McGuire intimated afterwards that he thought USC and Furman would probably be playing again in the future.

Another factor in the decision to play Furman could be the increasing role played by USC "Associate" coach Don Walsh, who has been given more responsibility for scheduling in the future.

Whatever the reasons for the decision, it is a good one. South Carolina basketball fans want to see USC playing Furman and Clemson. The state legislature has even passed resolutions, or attempted to, indicating they would like to see such games be played. Clemson and USC seem to be more further apart than Furman and USC ever were. But at least we're halfway there.

Correction

Last week's *Osceola* article concerning Aiken County's hospital situation contained a typographical error. In the section which quotes Albany, Georgia Hospital Administrator Jesse Reel we incorrectly quoted him as saying that Hospital Corporation of America's rates were \$100 a day higher than his hospital's. The correct figure is \$10. We regret the error.

Inoperative (local media notes)

A dispute between WIS-TV and the South Carolina Public Service Commission over the use of television cameras at commission hearings appears to have come to an ending satisfactory to all involved.

A change in the commission's policy on use of cameras and lights is expected in the next few days and should satisfy both WIS and members of the commission, according to PSC attorney John Bowen. Likewise, WIS newsman Joe Petty reported, "It's been ironed out. The policy (not yet officially announced) is wide open."

Problems began between the station and commission just after the July 16 primary, when an NBC camera team stopped by the PSC for some footage for a Duke Power story. Newsmen and television cameras had been covering PSC hearings for some time, but Bowen told the NBC camera crew that no film of direct testimony or cross-examination would be allowed under a newly adopted PSC policy. The commission's argument, Bowen explained, was that the cameras and lights disturbed the proceedings of the "quasi-judicial" body. After hearing NBC staff's comments, WIS went directly to Bowen and televised his statement that cameras would not be allowed during testimony.

As the Duke rate hearings were drawing to a close about a week later, WIS returned to the commission's Columbia offices to film an exchange between Sen. Rembert Dennis and Columbia attorney Tom Turnipseed, and, Petty said, to test the new policy. Camera men walked in while the hearing was in progress, switched on cameras and lights. The

commission immediately recessed.

Newsmen and PSC officials met briefly and that night WIS aired a commentary by Petty in which the veteran newsman argued that restriction of cameras was denying TV news reporters the tools of their trade. "We were afraid," Petty said recently, "that the commission's actions might set a precedent."

Petty's commentary "upset" members of the commission, Bowen said, and the next day both sides sat down to try to iron out differences. "Our main purpose," Bowen explained later, "is to allow the commission to get adequate information. Certain things had been disruptive. The commission is now in the process of developing a rule that is compatible with what they (TV reporters) want and at the same time protects the hearing process."

Still in contention, however, is whether or not the state's Freedom of Information Act (FOI) applies to the case. As a "quasi-judicial body," Bowen argued, the commission has the right to make certain regulations for the hearings. Intrusive cameras

and lights, he believes, might affect a witness's demeanor, thus potentially influencing a case. While acknowledging that the commission's administrative functions and records are open to the public under the FOI, Bowen said, "In my opinion the Freedom of Information Act does not apply to the commission's duties." If that is true, use of cameras could be limited or disallowed entirely by commission action.

WIS had asked the Attorney General's office directly for an opinion in the case but since an agreement has now been apparently worked out neither the station or the PSC expects a response from that office.

Meanwhile, USC Journalism School professor Reid Montgomery, who attended some of the negotiations between WIS and the PSC, believes the state's FOI law "directly applies to the Public Service Commission and its hearings."

Montgomery, WIS and the Commission also agreed that reasonable restrictions on use and placement of cameras are

(continued on page ten)

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— Missouri	by 5 over	Ole Miss	—
— Texas A & M	by 7 over	Clemson	—
— LSU	by 8 over	Colorado	—
— Southern Cal	by 10 over	Arkansas	—
— N.C. State	by 11 over	Duke	—
— Houston	by 14 over	Rice	—
— UNC	by 16 over	Ohio U	—
— Georgia	by 21 over	Oregon State	—

Tie-Breaker (total points scored)
Carolina-Georgia Tech

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Events/entertainment

(continued from page twelve)

classes

The University of South Carolina Department of Art will sponsor Saturday morning art classes for ten weeks beginning September 28. There will be three classes, for 7-8 year olds, 9-10 year olds, and 11-12 year olds.

Further information and application forms may be had by calling Cynthia Jackson between 10 a.m. and 1 p.m. daily at 777-4236.

specials

An evening of Opera Arias and Duets will be presented at USC Tuesday, September 10. The 8 p.m. recital in Fraser Hall will be presented by Department of Music faculty members Donald Gray and Beverly Hay, assisted by Charles Fugo on the piano. The program is open to the public and no admission will be charged.

Uriah Heep will be in concert with Wet Willie and Suzi Quatro Wednesday, September 11 at 8 p.m. The function will be held in the Carolina Coliseum and tickets are available at the box office.

politics

The League of Women Voters will be having a series of informal get-togethers during the next few weeks to introduce citizens of the Columbia area to the League and its work. Tuesday, September 17, from 12 to 1:30 they will have a sandwich and desert lunch at the Quail Run Covey Club. Thursday, September 19, from 7:30 to 9 they will have a similar function at the Eastminister Presbyterian Church. And on Monday, September 23 from 12:30 to 2 there will be another luncheon at the Seven Oaks Presbyterian Church.

Call 252-2647 for further information.

The Lexington County Young Democrats will meet the second Tuesday of each month at 8 p.m. at the Seven Oaks Recreational Center off St. Andrews Rd. Interested persons may call 359-4567 for further details.

television

Saturday, September 7

2 p.m.--Baseball. The Dodgers meet the Reds at Cincinnati. (Channel 10)

3 p.m.--U.S. Tennis Open. It's the women's singles finals live from Forest Hills. (Channel 19)

4:15 p.m.--Yep, it's here-- the first college football game of the year, and what a game! The UCLA Bruins meet the Tennessee Volunteers at Knoxville. These two giants will battle it out in what should be one of the season's best games. (Channel 25)

8 p.m.--Movie. "Evel Knievel" (1971) George Hamilton plays the Man in a really poor movie. One good aspect of the movie, though, is the film of Evel's fall in Las Vegas a few years ago. (Channel 25)

8 p.m.--Movie. "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (1923) Lon Chaney, Sr. and the gang will give you a thrill. This is perhaps the most famous of silent screen star Chaney's many roles. (Channel 35-ETV)

9:45 p.m.--Movie. "He Who Gets Slapped" (1924) Another Lon Chaney, Sr. classic. Well worth watching. (Channel 35)

Sunday, September 8

12:30 p.m.--Meet the Press. Ed Muskie (D-Maine), chairman of the Senate Budget Committee will discuss inflation. (Channel 10)

1:30 p.m.--Movie. "Terror in the Haunted House" (1959) (Channel 10)

2:45 p.m.--Movie. "The Brain from the Planet Arous" (1957) (Channel 10)

4 p.m.--Peggy Fleming Visits the Soviet Union. Little Peggy skated her way into the hearts of millions of communists, so she must have a good act, right? (Channel 10)

5 p.m.--World Series of Golf. It will be the final round play from Firestone Country Club. (Channel 10)

6 p.m.--CBS Retrospective. You'll go back to 1945 and witness everything from the A-Bomb to the U.N. (Channel 19)

6:30 p.m.--Movie. "National Velvet" (1944) Little Liz Taylor (As opposed to Big Liz Taylor) in the role that skyrocketed her into superstardom. The little guy is Mickey Rooney. (Channel 10)

10 p.m.--NFL Football. It's the Falcons and the Broncos at Denver. (Channel 19)

Monday, September 9

7 a.m.--Today. Larry Welk discusses his new book on bubble music. (Channel 10)

4:30 p.m.--Superman. Remember this one? Well it's on every afternoon now. (Channel 25)

9 p.m.--College Football. It's Georgia Tech and Notre Dame going at it. Get a preview of what the Cocks are up against. (Channel 25)

9 p.m.--Movie. "Joe Kidd" (1972) Clint Eastwood is the loner again shooting everything that gets in his way. (Channel 10)

Tuesday, September 10

8 p.m.--Movie. "Born Innocent" Linda Blair of Exorcist fame plays the part of a young girl in a reform school. It sounds pretty good from what we've heard. (Channel 10)

8:30 p.m.--Movie. "Hurricane" Martin Milner and Larry Hagman star in what should be a waste of your time. (Channel 25)

Wednesday, September 11

7 a.m.--Today. Eleanor McGovern discusses what it's like to be married to a radi-lib. (Channel 10)

8:30 p.m.--Movie. "Savages" Andy Griffith again steps from his comedy background into the role of a ruthless hunter who plays a cat-and-mouse game with a boy he is trying to kill. Should be good. (Channel 25)

10 p.m.--The Great American Dream Machine. A truly excellent show. Tonight it's everyone from Kurt Vonnegut to Dick Cavett. (Channel 35-ETV)

Thursday, September 12

7 a.m.--Today. This show has a card sharp instructing you on how to win at cards. (Channel 10)

11:30 p.m.--Wide World Special. The Hells Angels are interviewed by Geraldo Rivera. Should be interesting. (Channel 25)

11:30 p.m.--Movie. "Gunfight at the O.K. Corral" (1957) Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas star in this film classic. Really good! (Channel 19)

Friday, September 13

9 p.m.--Movie. "M*A*S*H" (1970) with Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland. When it ran in the theatres it was great. We hope the t.v. censors don't get carried away and cut out the best parts. (Channel 19)

1 a.m.--Midnight Special. Film Clips from "Ladies and Gentlemen, the Rolling Stones". If you're a Stones freak, then this is your cup of tea. (Channel 10)

Politicus

(continued from page three)

Peoples harbors a well-known bias against registering students. If a student lives somewhere other than an on-campus dormitory, and has a driver's license with a local address, he or she can normally register to vote in Richland County. Otherwise, registration is often a difficult procedure. Even with deputy registrars doing the actual "signing up," Peoples and his staff have the prerogative of rechecking completed registration applications and rejecting any they feel do not meet "legal" requirements.

With several candidates planning extensive efforts to register students, it will be interesting to see how this year's arrangements with Peoples work out. In the long run, however, it is obvious more substantial changes in existing law and policy must be made in Richland County and elsewhere in the state if South Carolina is to get off the bottom in voter registration. Not just students, but blacks, women, working people and others suffer from current arbitrary, restrictive registration procedures.

A TOUCH OF GENIE

featuring **TINA RUSSELL** **HARRY REEMS**
MARK STEVENS

starring **DOUGLAS STONE** and **KAREN CRAIG**
produced by **JASON RUSSELL** directed by **KARL ANDERSSON** distributed by **808 PICTURES INC.**

Also: **'Kiss Me Mate' X**

Shoes Cont. From 3:00

Atlantic 1 & 2
3220 TWO-NOTCH ROAD

Last Comp Show 9:00

PETE'S

Fried Chicken--Delicious!
Ready to Go! Snack Bar!
Bread, Beer, Ice, Gasoline!

3 IN 1

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"The Man Who Does Not Read
Is No Better Off Than
The Man Who Cannot"

**Capitol
Newsstand**

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Street**

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Three Movies!

'Perception'
'Big Sin City'
'Practice in Sweden'

Special Discount to U.S.C. Students With Date

Shows Continuous From 1:00 P.M. Daily
Box office opens at 12:30
Thursday of Each Week is LADIES DAY
Ladies FREE with Gentlemen

Rated "X" 779-3039

Now Playing at Columbia's Original Adult Theatre

CINE-ART
1017 WASHINGTON ST. 779-3039



cinema

If you're thinking of a movie, better call ahead to verify time and feature since many area theatres are subject to change after our presstime.

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Together Brothers" features more tough blacks. Shows at 3:30, 5:30, 7:30 and 9:30 p.m. Rated PG.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Touch of Genie" stars Tina Russell and Harry Rheems. This is a porno flick. Continuous from 3:30 with the last complete showing beginning at 9 p.m. Rated X.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

"Three The Hard Way" stars Jim Brown, Fred Williamson and Jim Kelly. The big three join forces to save their race. Thank God they're not up against Hitler, aye? Shows at 1,3,5,7 and 9. Rated R. Late show on Friday and Saturday night, September 6 and 7, features Woody Allen's "Sleeper." Rated PG.

CINE-ART THEATRE, 1017 Washington Street, 779-9039

"Sexual Sensory Perception," "Big Sin City," and "Sexual Practices in Sweden" are

the three blockbuster features. Last complete show is at 8 p.m. Box office opens at 12:30 p.m. Rated X. See these if you're short on sex/you/all education.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1100

"Evel Knievel, the Last of the Daredevils" makes a timely re-entry to the Columbia movie market with Evel scheduled to make his historic ride over or into the Snake River Canyon on Sunday, September 8. George Hamilton stars in this one, made several years ago. Shows commence at 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10 and 9 p.m. Rated PG.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1100

"Benji" is about a dog and his family. Rated G, the ad alleges that "Everybody who has ever been loved by a dog will adore Benji." Shows begin at 3, 5, 7 and 9.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"Return of the Dragon" is Bruce Lee's last martial arts flick. Held over. Shows at 1,3,5,7, and 9.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Shopping Mall, 796-0022

"What's Up, Doc?" is holding at the Gamecock so you can see Barbra Streisand fast-talk her way into Ryan O'Neal's heart to the tune of "love means never having to say 'you're welcome'." Well worth seeing. Rated G. Shows at 1,3,5,7 and 9.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Shopping Mall, 796-0022

"Blazing Saddles," blazes on for its last weekend in town. You'll get saddle sore from chortling while watching this one. Rated R with shows set for 2, 3:50, 5:40, 7:30 and 9:20.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

"Uptown Saturday Night" plays its last weekend. It's a new comedy. Rated PG with shows at 1,3,5,7 and 9.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1228 Main Street, 256-1050

"California Split" features Gould and Segal in Robert Altman's newest. Semi-funny story about gambling. Rated R with shows at 1:10, 3:15, 5:20, 7:25 and 9:30.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800

"The Lords of Flatbush" is another of the greasy 1950 nostalgia flicks. Rated PG. Shows at 3,4:30, 6 7:30 and 9 p.m.

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street 254-7960

"Frankenstein," Andy Warhol's latest monster, has garnered mixed reviews. Rated X. Shows at 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10 and 9 p.m.

RICHLAND MALL THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"What's Up, Doc" also plays here. Streisand and O'Neal. Last weekend. Shows are at 3, 4:30, 6, 7:30 and 9 p.m. Rated G.

CAMPUS FILMS

Grab a student and go to a film at USC's Russell House gratis. The films are usually quite good and the theatre is rarely crowded. Once a week the films cost a dollar (Thursday and Friday nights,) but the rest of the time it's free. Show times are 7 and 9.

Monday, September 9
"Loves of A Blonde"

Tuesday, September 10
"Mother"

Wednesday, September 11
"The Man Who Laughs"

Thursday, September 12
"Clockwork Orange"

Thursday and Friday, September 12 & 13
"Clockwork Orange" Stanley Kubrick's masterpiece of horror is a must-see. This one cost costs a dollar.

(continued on page eleven)

GAMECOCK 2 Theatre
PARKLAND SHOPPING CENTER
Cayce, S.C. / 796-0022

Last Weekend

MEL BROOKS'

BLAZING SADDLES

-R-

1:40
3:30
5:20
7:10
9:00

GAMECOCK 1 Theatre
PARKLAND SHOPPING CENTER
Cayce, S.C. / 796-0022

Held Over!

Barbra Streisand
Ryan O'Neal

"WHAT'S UP, Doc?"

A PETER BOGDANOVICH PRODUCTION

G

1:00
3:00
5:00
7:00
9:00

JEFFERSON SQ. Theatre
ULTRA-VISION
DOWNTOWN / 1801 Main Street / 254-6731

Last Weekend

'Uptown Saturday Night'

PG

1:00 — 3:00 — 5:00 — 7:00 — 9:00

CHARLES BRONSON
"MR. MAJESTYK"

Starts Wednesday

PLAZA III Theatre
DOWNTOWN
1323 Main Street / 254-7960

HELD OVER!

Andy Warhol's

Frankenstein

1:40 — 3:30
5:20
7:10 — 9:00

3D
RATED X